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MY DOWNFALL - PROCRASTINATION



distraction

frustration

133 5 2

Chapter 1 by Rix Quill

I'll start writing in a minute. Just got to polish my shoes. I think they need doing. Not that I'm going anywhere, or having visitors. No, I've earmarked the whole morning to write. The shoes won't take long.

But I must just do that bit of washing up before I start. I can't concentrate if I know there's pots and pans in the sink. I can smell the clinging curry sauce.

That third chapter needs editing again; I wrote it two years ago and I've edited it countless times. Now do I need a pen or should I edit on the laptop? Maybe a coffee first. Damn - I'm out of capsules for the machine. I'll just pop out for refills. Oh, but I haven't done those shoes yet.

Chapter 2 by Rix Quill



I had tidied the house, vacuumed and polished, and was composed enough to start my writing. But as I was passing the washing machine I noticed how filthy the soap drawer had become. I tried cleaning it with a toothbrush but couldn't reach all the scummy parts. Best to remove the drawer. however. all my tugging and twisting could not extract the bastard.

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Drawer extracted, washed and refitted; I was ready to write. Laptop on - DIARY URGENT REMINDER flashed before my eyes. I went to my diary for today; Dentist appointment 9am. I was already two hours late thanks to that blasted soap drawer. AND that dentist always charges for missed appointments.

Chapter 3 by Rix Quill



Hooray. I've managed to switch my laptop on and load up my novel. 887 words so far. Three years' work. I still haven't got a proper title. I hate 'The Story About the Boy and the Cave That Became a Time Machine.'

I write only in this small garden shed that's full of chairs, tables, camping equipment, unwanted dog beds, cupboards full of lego and trainsets, tennis equipment and other garden games. I'm crammed in. I think I'll have a clear-out.

I spent the next seven hours and eight minutes shifting everything about. Trouble is, I can't fit it all back in. My writing space is even smaller than before and the area of lawn around the shed is littered with cups, cutlery, tent poles and pegs, a single mattress and guide books of camping sites going back to 1986.

It's supper time now and I've only managed to add one word; 'was.' Still, that brings me to 888 words. Only 39,112 to go. If I average 296 words a year the entire book will take me only 132 years to complete - not allowing for editing.

Blast.

Chapter 4 by Animate



I stare at the screen like a zombie for a while. Eventually it turns to a haze, and before I know it, I awaken violently. My face peels apart with a little pain from the keyboard and I realize warm drool is streaming down the corner of my mouth.

I look at the time. Three hours have gone by. I wipe away the drool with my sleeve and take a

quick glance at my screen. It would appear that during my sleep, I typed a few more case files and a few typographical marks for the

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Seventeen pages isn't that bad for a day's quota. But even with all that hard sleep work, I only have two words to show for it. One "was" and one seventeen-page unpronounceable Elder God word.

I spend the next five minutes erasing the text and arranging things to get ready for the next assault.

And my stomach gurgles in protest. Oh. Suppertime has come and gone. I've got to eat. Got to keep my strength up or I'm liable to starve and starving is a distraction unless you can get well into the writing zone, which zone I've never felt farther from.

So, I resolve to fold up the laptop and head inside for something to eat. During the meal, I can recoup and figure out some way to access these blasted words in my blank brain.

My dinner is a good example of an author's meager meal: a bowl of marshmallow mateys and buttered rye toast with a glass of orange juice made from 100% concentrate. Breakfast food is cheap, but it fills you up.

I crunch through the hard wheat and suck the marrow out of the freeze-dried marshmallows while I ponder my predicament. And I think I've come into my own. I mean, it's night after all, isn't it? Most the greatest writers of all time did their best work during the lonely hours of nighttime. Why, didn't Dostoevsky chain himself to a table during the night and give his maid strict orders not to free him until morning? Wait, did Dostoevsky even have a maid?

As I muse over the truth of that random thought, I glance at the black Kit Cat clock mounted on the wall. Oh nuts. I missed that night's episode of Game of Thrones. I did DVR it though, but should I watch it or stick to the writing? That's a tough one. On the one hand, I really should write, but on the other hand, I don't even have a springboard idea for what I want to write about. Boy. Cave. Time machine. That's it.

In a surprising twist of fate, I overcome the urge to scheme in Westeros and decide to give writing yet another chance.

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spindly legs let me know my time won't last there. I test the bathroom sink, a banana chair, the floor, the stairway, the broom closet, the basement, the attic, and finally the study. But I can't write in the study because its dark and creepy during the nighttime.

That's when I choose the most comfortable spot in the entire house. The couch. The one right in front of the TV.

On the laptop screen, I note that my total word count has jumped from one word to a single sentence: "I was a boy lost in a cave, a time machine cavern."

I shake my head. One episode of GoT won't hurt that much. Then I can get back on track. One episode, two documentaries, and a half season of Jessica Jones later, I'm back on task.

Chapter 5 by Rix Quill



Right. I'm going to try a new approach. The spare room has been entirely emptied except for a desk and a chair where my writing will be done. As soon as I sit and open the laptop there's knock at the front door. 'Yes? I'm in the middle of writing my first novel. What do you want?'

'Is God in your life?'

'God who? Look, madam, I don't have a lot of time. How much do you want?'

'Oh, I'm not collecting. I'm offering to show you how to get God into your life.'

I spent 98 minutes trying to get rid of that woman in a red coat. In the end she sold me 2 bibles, the Epistle of St John part 2 (sold out of part 1), a rosary, a St Christopher medal and 3 bottles of Lourdes water.

Not one word typed in my new room today, but tomorrow I'm expecting help from my new friend, God.

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